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A STIRRING CAMP FIRE STORY.

BY CHAS. H. LUGRIN, M. A., DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, FREDERICTON, AUTHOR OF "NEW BRUNSWICK, ITS RESOURCES AND ADVANTAGES," ETC., ETC.

One of the guides had just stirred the fire and thrown upon it half a dozen dry sticks, which the flames seized at once, while a shower of sparks shot upward. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a cloud obscured the sky, the sombre slope of Nottisk seemed almost to reach the stars, and the cataract, from which the mountain took its name, gave out a hoarse murmur.

Our tents were tenantless. It was too fine a night to be under cover, while a green sward invited us to rest upon it, and, wrapped in our blankets, we lay before the fire in attitudes more or less picturesque, and all comfortable. No one had spoken for some time, when the Major, who was much the senior of our large party, sat up, and, having filled his pipe, said

"Now, boys, I'll tell you that story."

"It happened when I was a boy, you know, and that was before most of you were born," he began. "My father was a Hudson's Bay Company officer, and in charge of a fort, as they call them, up on the North Saskatchewan. That's a name you boys are familiar with;



HAD JUST STIRRED THE FIRE.